

She Always Wins

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Summary: A private after party duel ensues, arguments forgotten and relationships reinforced. Kiki x Mitsuhide Lemon

She Always Wins

We need more Mitsuhide and Kiki in the manga!|

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<p>She always wins

"W-would you allow me the pleasure of this dance?"

With the turn of her head, the light gleamed across her accessories and made her dark blue eyes shine even brighter against her light blonde hair. Although her eyes were bright, her expression remains the same. Seemingly stoic and unchangeable.

"It would be my honor." She took the gloved hand and allowed the blushing man to lead her towards the dance floor.

As the two danced many hushed voices emerged throughout the song. One thing aristocrats loved doing was spreading rumors and pining in on scandalous gossip. Few of them whispering about her dress, some making jealous remarks about her undeniable beauty, and most about the rumors of whom shall be her future husband. Continuously speculating whom the lucky or brave soul was.

The song soon came to an end and the voices began to cease as they were replaced with applause.

"T-thank you for the dance, Miss Seiran." The two bowed towards each other, one with a smile and the other with a passive expression, and

proceeded to walk off in opposite directions.

Quick as the applause subsided the ensemble began their next song, and a new group of couples began to flood the dance floor.

"Kiki-san!" The blonde turned to see a young woman with deep royal red hair and a wide smile, lightly scurrying towards her in her light green dress. Behind her trailed a young man with silver blonde hair dressed in a deep blue coat with gold lining and a white cape covering his right shoulder.

"Shirayuki, your highness." The usual stoic Kiki offered one of her small and rare smiles to the couple as she greeted them.

"That was amazing Kiki-san! I wish I could dance as elegantly as you." Shirayuki said in an overexcited voice.

"You were just as amazing as anyone else out there but I'm sure Prince Zen would be extremely willing to teach you till you are satisfied." Zen and Shirayuki's face suddenly matched the color of the young girl's apple red hair.

There was a slight moment of silence, then Zen proceeded to clear his throat, "I mean if Shirayuki doesn't m-"

At the same time Shirayuki cuts off Zen, "Kiki-san is alone tonight?"

"I am here as a member of the Seiran family since my father could not make it tonight." With a gloved hand she brushed a loose bang out of her eyes and behind her ear. "Besides I have certain duties to fulfill for my father. This way it will be much easier to complete without someone following me."

"Oh, I thought maybe Mi-"

"Kiki." A dark haired man stops the conversation between the three.

As she recognized the voice her expression grimaced. "Hisame." She stated his name formally.

"May I have this dance?" He asked with a slight smirk with his hand outstretched, awaiting her acceptance.

She's always disliked his haughty personality but out of appearances she respected his request and took his hand out of obligation.

"Please excuse us your highness." Zen did a slight nod of acknowledgement and Hisame led Kiki off to the dance floor.

Shirayuki eyes trailed after her friend then suddenly something popped into her mind and she started to scout the ballroom. Zen noticed her scanning the room for someone. "What's wrong?" he asked.

"Where are Obi and Mitsuhide-san?" she wondered out loud.

"Obi never stays long but Mitsuhideâ€¦ I thought I saw him earlier." His silver blonde hair gently swished across his forehead, as he looked throughout the ballroom unable to spot his turquoise haired aide. "Must've escaped againâ€¦" Referring to the fact that he disliked coming to these events.

"I just thought he would be here with Kiki-sanâ€¦"

Out of the corner of Zen's eyes he spotted a glimpse of cyan in the deep corner of the ballroom. He saw his aide nervously conversing with two young ladies as they tried to flirt with the knight. The young prince lightly chuckled at his aide's awkward actions and blushing red face. Mitsuhide's eyes suddenly shifted and spotted his partner and Hisame in the middle of the ballroom. He stared at the two with a stagnant expression before the young women before him broke him out of his trance. His eyes never averted from the two before him, as if to prevent him from looking towards his partner's direction.

Zen saw Mitsuhide politely bow towards the two women before he dismissed himself from their presence. The two turn around disappointed as Mitsuhide headed towards the nearest door. Before he could reach the door another young woman with light brown hair and a pale yellow dress stopped him in his tracks. At first he wore a confused look on her face then suddenly changed into a look of pleasant surprise. She gently touched his arm and laughed along with him as they chatted. Mitsuhide opened and held the door open for her as she walked through. Last thing he saw was his aide leaving and following the young woman.

A surprised reaction dawned on the prince's face as his mouth formed a small circle. Shirayuki noticed his expression and turned to look in the same direction, "What's wrong?" she asked in a confused voice.

"Oh, nothing. I just saw Mitsuhide leave. Seems that he's turning in for the night." Zen had given the three of them a break for the rest of the night, and although Mitsuhide protested against the idea, Zen was insistent.

"That's too badâ€¦ and I really wanted to see Kiki-san and Mitsuhide-san have at least one dance together." She pouted.

Zen laughed out loud, startling the red head. "Mitsuhide would probably have a heart attack asking her, granted that he can gather enough courage to even ask her."

Shirayuki's eyebrows furrowed as she stared intently at Zen.

"Geh!" Zen slightly cowered at the sight of her glare.

"Must you always tease Mitsuhide-san? Don't you want to see them together? Isn't he your friend?" Shirayuki bombarded him with questions.

"B-but it's trueâ€¦ Mitsuhide's always been weak in dealing with this kind of stuffâ€¦" As Zen said those words, the young woman's eyes thinned even more. "I mean yes! I would have liked to see them dance together as well!" Zen said stiffly.

"Too late nowâ€¦| Mitsuhide-san is already gone."

"I'm sure there will be other chances. If it'll make you feel better, I'll go talk to him."

"Really!?" Shirayuki's eyes brightened.

Zen softly smiled at her, "If it'll make you happy I will." Shirayuki blushed in return and nodded in acceptance. "Now before that, didn't I say I was going to teach you to dance as well as Kiki?" He takes her and drags a willing Shirayuki to the middle of the ballroom.

While they made their way through the crowd, Shirayuki thought she saw her dancing friend staring at the door as they passed them.

Her attention went back to Zen as he asked, "Ready?" She smiled.

* * *

><p>"Even when we're like this I can't get your full attention."<p>

Kiki's attention didn't move away from the door. "Why would you need my full attention?" She stated blatantly.

Hisame scoffed, "Always so honest. Don't think I've fully given up on my proposal."

She closed her eyes and adjusted her head back towards her dance partner. Kiki didn't say anything in regards to his remark and stayed silent for the rest of the song.

The night was still relatively young as everyone continued to drink, eat, dance, or converse. Some did more than one and some did all of them.

Once the song ended Kiki had disappeared from the ballroom and out onto a deserted balcony. She looked up to the stars in the sky and breathed in the cool air. Movements from below caught the corner of her and she saw her partner with the woman he escorted out not long ago. With eyes glued on the two, she observed their actions as the two laughed. The woman lightly slapped his shoulder in a playful manner as he smiled nervously while his gloved hand rubbed the back of his neck.

Her eyes hardened on the two but her expression remained the same. She watched them for several more minutes before it seemed like their conversation was about to come to an end. Mitsuhide smiled gently before he was caught off guard in a hug. The woman whispered something in his ear and he smiled and returned the hug. After a couple second she pulled away to place a kiss on his cheek and sauntered off. Mitsuhide was a little surprised from the brief action but still smiled nevertheless.

She felt a slight tug in her chest as she watched him walk away.

"Kiki-san!" She turned towards the familiar voice of her redheaded

friend heading towards her with the prince trailing a couple steps behind. "It's so cool out here. I can see why you and Mitsuhide prefer it outside compared to inside." Shirayuki sighed as she fanned herself. She walked up next to Kiki and looked over the balcony to see if she was looking at something. "Kiki-san have you seen Mitsuhide-san? Zen said he saw him leave not long ago."

"Sorry Shirayuki, your highness. I think I'm going to turn in for the night, I'm a bit tired." Without sparing a glance she left the two of them staring at her steady retreating figure.

Zen looked over the balcony railings and saw nothing but an elegantly empty garden.

* * *

><p>Kiki returned to her room and changed back into her normal attire. She pulled on her beige tunic and paused for a second before she reached down to grab her belt. She wandered through the hallways and barely noticed those who passed by. Somehow after a few minutes of aimless wandering, instead of heading to the training area she ended up at the entrance to the castle garden. She sighed at her absentmindedness but continued to saunter deep into the garden.<p>

For five minutes all she did was walk around while glancing at the sky. Around the corner she heard footsteps shuffling on the grass and the sound harsh swishing through the air.

She looked around the bush, and there he was. There were two ways to catch Mitsuhide at his best. One was whenever he spoke fondly of his dear prince and his cherished friends. The other was happening right before her.

Underneath the light of a last quarter moon, she could vaguely see the sword glimmer from the sunlight along with his figure moving in the garden. Although she has fought and watched him many times, something was a bit different about him tonight.

She brushed past the bush and Mitsuhide stopped in his tracks as he heard the rustle of leaves. His attention turned over to her and there she got a good look at his attire.

They've seen each other at plenty of balls, but Mitsuhide's always been so nervous and uptight at each and every one of them. He had taken off his midnight blue tailcoat with silver lining and set it aside on the grass. His figure was easily distinguishable with his long white double-breasted vest against the dark background of the garden. A belt was slung low on his hips above the cut of his navy blue pants.

Kiki stopped a few feet before him and continued to stare at each other in silence.

This continued for no more than another minute before he broke the silence in familiarity, "Not good with parties?" Referring to when they first met.

She let out a small smile and said, "With all the dancing I've done in the past hour I think I deserve the rest of the night"

off."

"Dancing huh?" He whispered under his breath.

A small moment of silence passed before Kiki continued. "It's been a while since we've had a duel hasn't it?" She started walking towards his coat on the grass while unsheathing her sword and laid down her sheathe.

"Um... Yeah, I suppose so." Mitsuhide said with a confused tone.

"Let's have one right now." Kiki stated with her back facing her opponent.

Mitsuhide was a bit stunned from her sudden eagerness. "First one who kneels loses?"

Without another word, she turned and went after him.

Usually they would trade blows in silence but some odd reason, the two were particularly chatty that night. "What's gotten you so fired up tonight?" he asked as he avoided one of her swings.

"Nothing." Her response caught him off guard and caused him to falter for a second. A vertical swing came from above, causing him to jump back and pivoted ninety degrees on his left foot as her sword stopped mid swing and emerged into a thrust.

He didn't buy into her so-called 'Nothing' response as he noticed the aggressiveness in her movements. 'She's definitely angry about something.' He thought to himself.

"You were particularly popular tonight. Seemed every single guy in there was pining after you." It was his turn to strike, but she dodged and stopped each of his strikes just as well as he did for her. "Especially Hisame-dono." Almost as if were on cue, she struck back with more ferocity and speed.

Suddenly her actions became a little more unpredictable. Mitsuhide never knew what to think when it came to Kiki. She's always been hard to read and unlike him, she doesn't wear her heart on her sleeve.

For a while they traded blows in silence until strangely Kiki started up the conversation again, "Seems you were plenty popular tonight as well." One strike. "The two young ladies seemed very interested." Two, three strikes. "Last one was particularly cozy." She whispered under her breath. Four strikes.

"Could maybe say the same for you." He barely blocked all of her attacks while they continued their conversation. "You'll probably be getting even more proposals after tonight." His chest clenched with every word as they continued to spar.

"You know I would refuse every single one." She looks him in the eye for reassurance.

With the amount of ease they were conversing, it was simple to see

how well they knew each other's fighting style.

"I met someone today." At that moment Kiki paused for a split second before narrowly dodging a strike. "It was someone I haven't seen in a long timeâ€¦"

"Is that so?"

"She was myâ€¦ How would you say itâ€¦ my best friend before I came to the castle." Mitsuhide started rambling. He didn't know why he saying it but he was. "We were together almost everyday when we were younger." He was fueling the fire.

"Time to rekindle a young love?" She asked with a touch of malice in her voice.

After his sword clashed against her last attack, he pushed his sword and jumped back. "Young loveâ€¦ Hmâ€¦ I never thought about it that wayâ€¦" He said in with a wondering look. "Doesn't matter anyways she's getting married in a couple months. Besides I don't really-woah!" She cut him off by continuing the attack. "What about you?" Mitsuhide says between each and every one of her attacks. "Out of that bunch, who would you pick? It's only a matter of time before your father can't wait any longer. Can't keep holding them off-" Kiki crossed her sword hard against Mitsuhide's and held still. "For longâ€¦" He trailed off as he saw a hint of a glare in her expression.

The two stood there for a mere thirty seconds but it felt like an eternity to them. Kiki made the first move to readjust her posture back to an upright position, then lowered her sword and let it drop to the floor. Her eyes didn't sway away from Mitsuhide's.

She walked forward and Mitsuhide took it as a sign and lowered his sword. Her hand gently touched his face and he subconsciously leaned into her touch.

Kiki leaned up and pulled on his tie. He took the hint and leaned down, his heart thundering in his chest. Both slowly closed their eyes as their foreheads touched. He hesitated for a split second before his lips brushed upon hers. It wasn't their first time but each time they did, it certainly did feel like their first.

They separated but their foreheads still touching and eyes half closed as they breathed out loud. A few seconds passed before he felt her hand slip off his cheek to grab his tie with both hands and pulled him back down.

Mitsuhide returned the sentiment and placed a hand behind her waist and the other went past her cheek and pulled at her ponytail, loosening it from its hold. Fingers combed through her soft hair and continued to pull her closer.

Always being the one to take the initiative, she gently bit his lower lip and when he got the message, he opened his mouth slightly for her to slip her tongue in.

Her hands shifted downwards and began to tug at his belt. Although Mitsuhide was the more expressive one between the two, Kiki was always the initiator. Harsh breathing filled the air. "Here?" He

asked in a surprised tone.

With the drop of his belt, she gave a slight nod. He lifted her chin up and gave her that good old Mitsuhide smile before he dove back in to kiss her. Her hands went back up and one by one they quickly unbuttoned all eight buttons of his vest. She tore off the tie and pushed the vest off his shoulder. Mitsuhide drops the vest on the grass as she begins to pull the base shirt that was tucked into his pants. The two broke off briefly in order to slip the bottom layer over his head and swung it aside before going back into a heated kiss.

After quickly working off her belt Mitsuhide pulled her tunic over her head. Kiki combs her fingers through the soft tufts of his hair as she pulls him back down. She attempts to free one of her boots but with the attempt to take off the other, she lost her balance and dragged the two of them down as she fell on her back.

Mitsuhide's reaction was quick enough to stop him from crushing her as they fell. Both of them looked surprised before Mitsuhide begins laugh lightheartedly. Kiki's lips curved upwards as she heard the lighthearted laughter.

Their eyes locked.

He gently caressed her cheek with his thumb, staring at each other for a good while before one of them broke the silence. "Need some help with that?" He smiled.

"I love you."

One would probably assume Mitsuhide would be the one to say it, but Kiki always got there first. Each time she said it always caught him off guard.

He never got tired of seeing her hair untied, whether it was slightly messy after she wakes up or when it was splay around messily.

He gave a light peck on her lips before he pulled himself up, and pushed backwards on his knees to give him easier access to her lower half. Her eyes watched his muscles flex as he reached behind him to helped pull her last boot off.

"Gah!" He jumped when he felt a cold hand run lightly down his torso. Mitsuhide looks to the culprit, who looked back at him with a small smile. "Your hands are freezing."

"Well, that's what happens when you're lying half-naked on cold prickly grass." She explained to him.

He grabs both her hands and pulls her up to sit upright. Puts both her hands on his neck to try and warm it up.

Looking over to the side he grabbed the vest he dropped and draped it over her shoulders. "Better?"

She raised an eyebrow before she loops her arms through the vest. Mitsuhide looks her up and down and swallowed hard. Somehow she looked even better slightly covered up than completely naked. Well, half naked.

"Better." She wrapped her arms around his neck and pulls him down with her as she falls back on the grass.

He gives her a small kiss before moving on lower, leaving a trail of kisses as he continued down and gave a light tug at her pants. She lifted her hips to assist him and spread her legs so he could step in between.

He sits upright and for the first time tonight, he gets a good at her in all her naked glory. A hand between her legs and slips his finger into her, once he felt her relax a bit another finger plunged into her. Kiki arches at the sudden invasion, fingers rubbing and thrusting as her eyes shut and clenches her teeth, painfully trying to stop from moaning out loud.

"It's okay, it's just us out here." As if on cue Kiki lets out a moan. It was music to his ears.

One would never imagine the heir to the Seiran family and the cold noble aide of the second prince to make these sounds much less be in this position.

Blood immediately rushed to somewhere that wasn't his head. He leans back down kiss her as he removes his fingers to push his pants off his hips.

Kiki's flushed and dazed look told him she was ready. She felt him position himself at her entrance, ready and eager to begin.

"Hurry," She pants, wrapping her legs loosely around his hips.

Right as he pushed into her she moaned loudly. "You okay?" He settled himself deep inside.

"Yes," she said, nudging her hips, urging him to continue. Mitsuhide takes the hint and pulls back before thrusting back in. He kept a steady pace and intertwined her coarse hands in his own, eventually pushing forward to capture her lips in a heated kiss.

Loosening her hold around his waist, Mitsuhide sits up on his knees and pulls her waist closer towards him. Sweat dripped down her chest, curving down her breasts and traced the lining of her ribcage.

Mitsuhide kept a comfortable pace, allowing him the chance to lean down to her chest and pulled the rosy pebble into his mouth. Kiki arches her back, running her fingers through the soft teal hair, pulling him closer as she pushed up against him. "Mitsu- ahâ€| -hide," She gasps when he tugs at her nipple with his teeth. A rough hand reached for her other breast and pinched the aching pebble.

He kept moving, pushing in and out, over and over. Mitsuhide watches as her hair clung to her forehead, eyes closed as she felt every inch of him thrust into her.

Her eyes widened the second and saw Mitsuhide towering over her. On reflex she turns her head away, suddenly embarrassed despite the deed they were doing in the castle's royal garden. "Kiki," he whispers, using a free hand to turn her head to look at him. She did her best

to keep eye contact but it was hard when Mitsuhide was grinding that one spot he knew so well.

Mitsuhide knew. She was getting close.

"Mitsuhideâ€¦ Mi-" Before she could say another word, his movements became more erratic and desperate. Consistently hitting the same spot with each thrust. The pressure began to pool inside; she wraps her arms around him and her legs tighten their hold around his waist.

"Ki-Kikiâ€¦ Come... Come with me." He whispered into her ear.

He ground into her harder and deeper, and the closer she got the more out of control she felt. Her hands started to dig into his back, doing her best to hold back, wanting to drag this out as long as possible.

By now, Kiki was moaning Mitsuhide's name so loudly he was nervous that people at the castle would be able to hear it.

Mitsuhide pulls back so far, he almost slips out of her and using the last of his strength, collides back into her, hitting that special spot.

Kiki bites her bruised lips to stop herself from screaming. She tightens around him, trembling as her orgasm surges through her body.

Not long after, Mitsuhide drives into her several more times before he buries himself deep inside, releasing everything he had.

She couldn't help one last moan as she felt his hot seed spill inside her, throbbing for a few seconds as they held still, waiting for the high to subside.

Mitsuhide laid his forehead on the grass, trying to catch his breath. She could hear his breathing next to her ear, slowly evening out. "Kiki," He breathes out.

She nestles into his neck in reply.

"I love you, too." He whispers in her ear. Then suddenly, "Ow!" He yelps out in pain.

He looks down at her in disbelief, "What was that for?"

She looks at him with a deadpanned glare. "Being slow," She states blatantly.

"Really I thought I was pretty fa- ow!" She pinches him again. He looks at her again and it dawns on him. "Oh." He gulped in realization. Mitsuhide leans over with a guilty smile, "I'm sorry," he apologized by giving another long kiss.

* * *

><p>"I said I was sorry." He apologized over and over again but Kiki continued to ignore him.<p>

The way she faced away from him as she fixed his belt was a sure sign that he messed up big time.

"Please?" He puts his hands together to beg for forgiveness.

Kiki let out a long drawn sigh. "Don't let it happen again. Medicine isn't foolproof so coming inside is still dangerous."

Mitsuhide didn't dare mention the fact she didn't really give him a chance to pull out, but with her current mood there was no way he was going to mention that.

"Sooooâ€¦| Does this mean I'm forgiven?" He said hopefully.

"Maybe." Kiki's lips showed a tiny hint of a smile.

The two sat on the grass, fully clothed, staring at the sky. Mitsuhide turns to her wearing a guilty expression. "I'm sorry."

She turns around to face him. "I already said it was fine," she grimaced.

"Not aboutâ€¦| Not about that," He trailed off.

Kiki read him in an instant and realized what he meant. They always understood each other with the least amount of words possible, whether it was because they were partner or lovers or both, they didn't know. "I've said it before and I'll say it again. When the time comes, I'll be the one to propose."

"I knowâ€¦| I still made you mad." He grabbed her hand.

They intertwined their fingers and Mitsuhide brings her hand to his lips and lays a brief kiss on her hand. She looks at him with a 'what are you doing look'. By god, Mitsuhide loved the ability to confuse her. Unable to resist he leans over to give her one last kiss before they had to leave.

Their tongues started to fight for dominance and before they could get carried away again, she pushed him back.

"We should head back. The party's about to end andâ€¦| with the way you were screaming my name, people may talk."

She gave him a deadpanned look and got up, dusting the grass off her backside. She started walking away from him as he got up, and then suddenly stopped in her tracks.

"Mitsuhide."

"Hm?"

"You may want to get a new pair of dress pants before we have another party." She smiles mischievously.

Mitsuhide looks at her in confusion before looking down at his pants. Then he sees it, green patches that stained where his knees were.

"I'll be sure to let you know when I decide." With that she leaves

him behind looking at her retreating figure in shock.

He lets out a light scoff of disbelief, wondering if she did all that on purpose.

"Then againâ€¦ When have I ever won?"

A smile dawns on his face and chases after her.

* * *

><p>AN: It's been years since I even wrote a fic but I've always been a fan of Kiki x Mitsuhide and craved for more interactions between in the manga. Sadly we still only get hints so I'll have to leave it to my imagination. Hope this will help anyone who has a KikixMitsuhide buzz craving and hopefully will satisfy anyone who needed more of these twoâ€¦ Review or don't, I just hope you guys enjoy!

Kiki and Mitsuhide probably feel out of character but I tried to stick to their original personalities as close as possible, soâ€¦ sorry if they seem different than in the manga. I didn't watch the anime so most of what I know of them is just from the manga.

PS: Excuse my crappy writing.

End
file.